

tersville, and a first cousin of the celebrated Bishop William Taylor, who claims to have preached all around the world, and has led a hundred thousand souls to the cross, according to the best of his knowledge and belief.

Hon. Adam Nottingham, son of William, Jr., married Miss Henrietta Philips, near Travelers Repose, and lived on the Glade Hill homestead opened up by his father. At an early age he was thrown upon his own resources by his own choice. His natural endowments were of a high order, and he studiously improved whatever opportunities came to hand: For several years he taught school, afterwards became deputy-sheriff, and then sheriff, and he also served as magistrate several terms. He represented Pocahontas in the house of delegates in the Virginia Legislature at Richmond, Va. He was an influential political leader and was a strenuous Jacksonian Democrat.

Mr Nottingham has been dead but a few years. His widow and several sons and daughters survive him, some of them still at the old home, while others have gone out, some far as Texas and the far west.

SAMUEL WHITING.

Samuel Whiting was a native of Sussex County, England, where he was born May 18, 1776. His wife was Sarah Lancaster, and was four years younger.

After a long, tedious voyage of three or four months Mr Whiting and his young family landed at New York in 1823, where he remained for a year or two. Thence

he came to Virginia in what what is now Gilmer county. From Gilmer county to Jacksons River in Bath county, thence to Elk near the Big Spring, where Mrs Whiting died unexpectedly in her chair.

They were the parents of three sons and two daughters: Samuel, Robert, Ebenezer, Mercy, and Mary. Mercy became Mrs Varner; Mary was first Mrs Sleathe then Mrs Messenger. Both sisters settled and lived in Gilmer County. Two of the sons, Samuel and Robert, settled and lived in Gilmer County, where their descendants now live and are reported to be very estimable people. Samuel Whiting, Junior, was born in 1811, and died in 1858.

Upon his second marriage with Jennie Hannah, daughter of Dr David Hannah, on Locust Creek, Samuel Whiting, Senior, settled in the woods on Droop Mountain, on property now owned by his grandson, George W. Whiting. Here he lived many years, opened up a fine improvement with the assistance of his son Ebenezer, who was the staff of his declining years, a kind, devoted son. These persons, father and son, were skillful masons, plasterers, and brick layers. Some of their work yet remains in the Renick mansion in Renicks Valley, and the old chimney at Alvin Clark's. It is reported that the mortar they used would adhere so tenaciously that sometimes the stone had to be chipped or the brick would break in removing it. The smooth finish they would give to the plastering was sometimes looked upon as phenomenal in their times, and people tell us they have seen nothing to excell it in our times, with all the mod-

ern improvements.

Samuel Whiting was a devout Wesleyan Methodist, and died strong in the faith giving glory to God, and was placed where he wished to sleep and wait for the dawn to break upon the golden shore. The writer never saw him but once, and that was in January more than fifty years ago. I was trying to find the "short cut" from Locust to Renick's Valley which led by the Whiting home. Upon calling at the fence to make inquiries Mr Whiting appeared. His presence was impressive, and is vividly remembered to this day, and the writer seems to see and hear him now as he gave his directions in slow and solemn words. There were several places where paths deviated and where there were crossings. "When you come to these keep straight on, turn neither to the right or to the left." I kept my eye on the western sun, moved towards it, and though there were numerous deviations and crossings, by keeping the words in mind, "turn neither to the right hand or left," I did not make a single miss, and by twilight I was amid the charming surroundings of one of the most pleasant of homes.

Many a time since that venerable presence has seemed to stand before me, leaning on his staff, looking towards the setting sun, and admonishing the traveler to "turn not to the right hand or to the left." Many times have I moralized on these words, and reflected how many deviations and mistakes we might avoid by keeping the setting sun of our lives in mind, and turn neither the right hand or the left, and finally when the sun went down find a place of rest in the valley inter-

vening our journey's end.

The reader will please pardon this digression, and we will return and finish up what was begun.

Ebenezer Whiting married Sally McMillion, head of Spring Creek, and lived at the homestead on Droop Mountain. In reference to his sons and daughters the following particulars have been kindly furnished by his daughter, Laura Frances.

Rachel Ann became Mrs James Schisler, and lives at the noted "Big Spring," head of Renicks Valley.

Margaret Jane became Mrs Peter Hill, and lives at Jacox, and is the mother of five sons and three daughters: Lena, Mary, Anna, Willson, Sherman, George, Ernest, and Simon.

Mary Elizabeth was married to Luther Blair, and went to Lamposas, Texas. Her children were Neva, Myra, and Mary.

Sarah Caroline was married to Rev Joseph S. Wickline, and now lives in Delaware.

Susan Virginia became Mrs Alexander Knight, and lived on Sinking Creek in west Greenbrier. Her children were Thomas, Minnie, and Emma.

John Sherman Whiting died aged nine months.

George William Whiting married Elizabeth Bruffey and settled at the homestead. Mr Whiting now lives at Falling Spring, in Greenbrier. His children are Mabel, Bessie, Grace, Floy, Harry, Thomas, Milton, and Earle.

Laura Frances became Mrs William H. Callison and lives near Locust. Her children are Quincy, Thomas, James, and Ima.

It was the writer's privilege to be somewhat acquainted with Ebenezer Whiting. In April, 1848, the writer was distributing Bibles and Testaments, and spent a night at the Whiting home. Somehow he let his tongue wag rather freely, and Mrs Whiting humored matters by appearing very much amused. Mr Whiting appeared to be very solemn and groaned in spirit while the rest would be in smiles. While the visitor tried to be funny and thought he would get Mr Whiting to feel better, he found out by bed time that there was no fun about it. When it was time to "get ready for bed," Mr Whiting snuffed the candle and took down the Bible, and for some time was turning the leaves and seemed much troubled in spirit from his sighs and suppressed groanings and solemn features. At last he found the chapter he wanted and began reading fifth of Ephesians:

Be ye followers of God as dear children.

And walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet smelling savor.

But fornication, and all uncleanness, and covetousness, let it not be once named among you, as becometh saints.

Neither filthiness, nor foolish talking, nor jesting, which are not convenient, but rather giving of thanks.

He read the whole chapter, but he read the verses named in a much louder tone than the rest of the chapter. He then prayed long and very feelingly that the meditations of all hearts and the words of all mouths

might be acceptable in the sight of Him who is our strength and redeemer.

Worship over, such a solemn stillness pervaded the atmosphere that Mrs Whiting became very sleepy and withdrew with the little children. The features of the man of the house relaxed into a smile when I proposed to retire, and he showed me where to sleep. I felt somewhat mortified, and was sure that he had lost all respect for me as a pious youth.

Much to my surprise the next morning he handed me the Bible and requested "a word of prayer," before breakfast. As well as I can remember the sixth chapter of Galatians was about the first that fell under my eye, and this was read:

Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye that are spiritual restore such a one in a spirit of meekness, considering thyself lest thou also be tempted.

Bear ye one anothers burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ.

For if a man think himself to be something when he is nothing he deceiveth himself.

But let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone and not in another. For every man shall bear his own burden.

Worship over, breakfast was served, pleasant words of farewell were exchanged, and pressing invitation to return came from the hearts of both as well as their lips, and their names are in the book of my remembrance as good people trying to walk in "all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless."

Ebenezer Whiting was born in England, September 4, 1817, and died at the Droop Mountain home May 31, 1869. It was a gloom giving day when attached friends, neighbors, and children placed him lovingly and tenderly in his secluded mountain grave.

JAMES RODGERS.

Among the worthy industrious persons whose arduous toils and severe privations helped to make our county what it is, deserving of respectful mention was the late James Rodgers, Senior. He was a native of Madison County, born February 13, 1789. His first marriage was with a Miss Jackson of Madison County. The issue of this marriage was seven children. The sons were Robert, whose wife was a daughter of John Smith, one of the pioneers of Stony Creek, Joseph, and Drury. The daughters were Sarah, Elizabeth, Mary, and Tabitha. Respecting these children we have virtually no particulars in hand.

James Rodgers came to Pocahontas in 1824 and settled in the woods on Lewis Ridge, at a spot overlooking the Buckeye Cove. Thus he and his family became identified with the county almost from its organization.

His second marriage was with Nellie Lewis, of the Little Levels, a grand daughter of Alexander Waddell, whose descendants are so numerous represented by prosperous and influential citizens in our county at this time. By the second marriage there were six children: